

something¹ new, never cloying we ride serene and sublii the concerns of this mortal world, contemplating t nature, matter and motion, the laws which bind up th ence and that Eternal Being who^ made and bound th(these laws. (To Mrs. Maria Cosway, written in Pai F. IV., 318.)

PLEASURES.—We are not immortal ourselves, my fri can we expect our enjoyments to be so? We have without its thorn, no pleasure without alloy. It is the 1; existence and we must acquiesce. It is the condition to all our pleasures, not by us who receive, but by I gives them. True, this condition is pressing cruelly up this moment. I feel more fit for death than life. Bu look back upon the pleasures of which it is the consei am conscious they were worth the price I am paying. Maria Cosway, written from Paris, 1786. F. IV., 3;

POETRY.—To my own mortification of all living m the last who should undertake to decide as to the : poetry. In early life I was fond of it and easily pleas as age and cares advanced the powers of fancy have Every year seems to have plucked a feather from her she can no longer waft one to those sublime heights it is necessary to accompany the poet. (To John Bur F. VIII., 66.)

POLITENESS.—I have mentioned good humor as 01 preservatives of our peace and tranquillity. It is ar most effectual, and its effect is so well imitated and ai ficially, by politeness, that this also becomes an acqu first rate value. In truth, politeness is artificial goo< it covers the natural want of it, and ends by rendering a substitute nearly equivalent to the real virtue. practice of sacrificing to those whom we meet in so the little conveniences and preferences which will grat and deprive us of nothing worth a moment's consider is the giving a pleasure and flattering turn to our exj which will conciliate others, and make them pleased as well as themselves. How cheap a price for the goc